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WORLDWIDE

SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF
CLIVE BARKER

Ecotokid

GUEST STARRING
SAINT SINNER

SIR
SIGMOID'S
ARCADIA
PART 1 of 2

WELCOME
TO THE

**CARNIVAL
OF SOULS**

DIRECT EDITION

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OBI

SKLODZKY 93
DWORKIN 93

SIR SIGMOID'S

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

THERE IS A WORLD
THROUGH WHICH WE
ALL MUST ONE DAY
PASS.

FTTZZZZZ

IT WAITS FOR US BEHIND
A WALL THAT IS AS THIN
AS A SHADOW AND AS
DEEP AS A DREAM.

IT IS A WORLD OF THE
DEAD AND IT IS CALLED--

--THE ECTOSPHERE!

COOL.

COOL.

BOBBY, YOU PROMISED!
WERE GOING TO THE
CARNIVAL! YOU
PROMISED!

LET'S
GO CHECK
IT OUT!

TAKE A CHILL PILL--
WE AIN'T IN NO
HURRY. WE'RE DEAD,
REMEMBER?

WHOA.
IT'S A
DUDE.

IS HE
LIKE MORE
DEAD THAN
US?

THE ECTOSPHERE'S
NEWEST INHABITANT
IS THE
SAINT SINNER

...BUT THIS
IS NOT
HIS STORY.

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CLIVE BARKER

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ELSEWHERE.

FROM THE LOVE
OF A GHOST AND
A BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN, THERE
CAME A MIRACLE.

A CHILD BORN
BETWEEN THE
LIVING WORLD
AND THE DEAD.

HIS NAME
IS DEX
MUNGO.

DEX MUST GO TO THE
ECTOSPHERE TO MEET
HIS DEAD FATHER,
AT THE END OF
MIDWAY G.

TO MOVE FREELY IN
THE ECTOSPHERE,
DEX MUST SEPARATE
HIMSELF FROM HIS
SOUL.

IT IS A RUSHING
SENSATION,
THE ABYSS
MOVING ACROSS
HIS SKIN AS--

--ECTOPLASM SQUEEZES
LIKE BEADS OF SWEAT
FROM HIS PORES,
CONGEALING, LIFTING
WEIGHTLESS EVEN
AS--

--THE DARKNESS
TAKING SHAPE,
RUSHING AT HIM.

LIKE THE EMPTY
STREET OF BLACK
ASPHALT WHERE
FALLING DREAMS
END--

--HE SEES
IT COMING,
RISING--

AND HE REMAINS
FOREVER APART,
HIS RIGHT EYE
FIXED UPON THIS
WORLD--

--WHILE HIS
LEFT EYE SEES
INTO THE NEXT.

FOCUSING, HE
EMPTIES HIMSELF
INTO THE DARKNESS
BEHIND HIS EYES...

...AND FEELS
HIMSELF BEGIN
TO FALL.

--AND
DEATH
BEGIN.



HE SHEDS THE MEAT
OF HIS STIFFENING
BODY, WORKING
HIMSELF FREE.

BUT NO...
NOT YET...

DISTANTLY HE HEARS THE COMA-BEAT
OF HIS HEART, HOLLOW, LIKE A SHOVEL
FULL OF EARTH DROPPED ONTO A
CASKET.

FOR A MOMENT, HE
FEELS A PANG OF
FEAR AT THE
COMPLETE RELEASE--

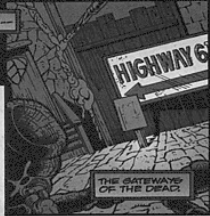
HE CONSIDERS CALLING
HIS ECTOPLASM BACK
...HE HAS THE POWER...

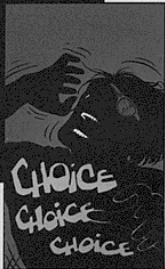
HIS CONSCIOUSNESS BEGINS
TO GATHER, BLEED AND DALLS
OF MERGING MERCURY--

--GATHERING LIKE
A POOL OF
BLACK-METAL WATER--



THAT HE SWIMS TOWARDS,
RISING, REACHING FOR ITS
CLEANING SURFACE--













HOWEVER, SIR GISMOLD, THE
RINSMASTER OF THIS
ARCADIA, KNOWS THERE IS
SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT
THIS NEW BOY.

CONGRATULATIONS, PHIL.
YOU ARE THE FINEST
MARKSMAN TO EVER PLAY
AT MY ARCADE. A REAL
COCK OF THE WALK.

JUST LUCKY,
I GUESS.

TUT, TUT.
NOPESTY
BECOMES
NOTHING.

YOU'RE ALL DOOMED!
RUN! RUN FOR YOUR
SOULS!

AND FOR MY
NEXT TRICK.

I'M A KID!
JUST LIKE--
X-FILES!

TTTTT--
TTTTT--

ET
VOILA!

HOOFAT!

ANOTHER GAME, PHIL?

I DON'T THINK
ANYONE
WANTS TO
PLAY
AGAINST
ME.

I'D LIKE
TO PLAY!





LET'S PARTY!

OH.

CRIPES!

AGGUME THE
POSITION, BOYS,
THE FIRST 10 TEN.

BEGIN!

SPREROING



AH, YES, THE GAME'S AFOOT--
A CONTEST OF CHAMPIONS!
THAT'S IT, LADS---KILL!
KILL! KILL!



THE
NEW GUY'S
WINNING!

IT AIN'T OVER!

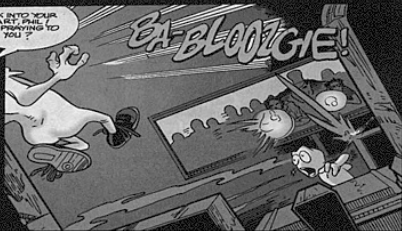
COME ON,
PHIL!



PHIL? IT'S PHIL, ISN'T IT?
PLEASE, PHIL! I'M PRAYING
TO YOU!



LOOK INTO YOUR
HEART, PHIL!
I'M PRAYING TO
YOU?



BA-BLOOZIE!

THE TINY WILLS OF THE CARTOON GHOSTS
GEAR OPEN PHILIP'S MEMORY...

AND AGAIN HE SEES HIS KNIFE
BURNISHED IN BLOOD.

HE WATCHES HIS FRIEND
BEGIN TO SCREAM BUT
HEARS ONLY THE WHISPER-
ING VOICE...

...THE DEMON SPIRIT THAT ONCE
POSSESSED HIM, AND DESTROYED
HIS LIFE, AND KILLED HIS FRIENDS...

...THE RUNESMITH WITH
TWO RIBBONS OF RAGE
LIKE CORNSCREWING FLAME--

--DRIVING THE KNIFE
ALWAYS DEEPER!

WHAT
HAPPENED?
YOU ALMOST
HAD A CHANCE.

I'M NOT
SURE.

TWO OUT
OF THREE?

I THINK
WE'VE
BOTH HAD
ENOUGH.

THAT WAS SOME SWEET SHOOTING.

WHAT'S
NEXT?
BUMPER
CARS?

WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO DO, PHIL?

THE
BROWID-
ISCOPE.

ARE YOU WHACKED?
LOOK AT THAT THING!
IT LOOKS DANGEROUS!

LOOKS
LIKE
FUN.

I'M PHIL.

DEK.

FRONT
CAR?

WHAT
ELSE?

HEY, NO
SAFETY BELT.

COOL.

THINK WE'LL
CRASH?

MAYBE.

COOL... YOU
SCARED?

AIN'T THAT
THE POINT?

HOW LONG HAVE YOU
BEEN, YOU KNOW...
HERE?

NOT LONG...
YOU?

SAME.

HOW
DID
YOU--

BITE IT?

YEAH.

I DON'T REMEMBER
IT TOO WELL. THERE
WAS AN EXPLOSION,
AND I WOKE UP HERE.

THAT MAKES
SENSE.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

YOUR ECTOPLASM
FEELS DIFFERENT.
ALMOST LIKE MINE.

ALMOST?

I GUESS YOU COULD
SAY I'M ONLY HALF-
DEAD.

DOES THAT MAKE ME
ALMOST DEAD?



SOME PART OF YOU
IS STILL ALIVE.

I FIGURED AS
MUCH.

WOULD YOU RATHER
BE ALL DEAD?

I DON'T KNOW--
SOMETIMES--YOU?

I'M KINDA STUCK,
HALF-DEAD.

HOW
COME?

LONG STORY.

YOU LIKE IT
HERE?

SOMETIMES.

YOU KNOW
WHAT'S MISSING?

WHAT?

GOOD MUSIC.

DEFINITELY.

THERE'S NO SONIC
YOUTH. NO PEARL
JAM. NO CHILI
PEPPERS.

NO RAGE AGAINST
THE MACHINE.
NO PUBLIC ENEMY.
NO MINISTRY--

MINISTRY--
OH YES!

THIS PLACE
DEFINITELY
NEEDS
MINISTRY.

WHAT?

DEFINITELY...
UH OH.

CAVES--CAVES
REALLY CREEP
ME OUT.

WHY?

LONG STORY.



YOU DON'T LOOK
SO GOOD, MAN!

IT'S ALL
RIGHT, IT'S
JUST--



IT'S A
BAD
END!

JUMP!



**SHREK
CRASH KOOM!**



PHIL, YOU
OKAY?

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
HERE-- SOME-
THING BAD...



DO YOU HEAR
THAT? WHAT--

YAAAH!

BEAUTIFUL.



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
NOT ONE
BUT TWO,
BOTH STILL
CONNECTED
TO THE
OTHER WORLD.
LIKE TWO
ECTO-UNBELKAL
LICORICE
STICKS.
ATTITUDE,
LICORICE,
MY COCKTAIL,
TEQUILAY.

RIGHT
AWAY,
BOSS.



HOW LONG HAVE
I BEEN WAITING
FOR THIS DAY?

TOO
LONG,
BOSS.

AMEN,
MY LITTLE
FRIEND.
AMEN.



HERE ARE THE
TWO YOU WANTED,
MASTER.

AH, YEE,
HELLO,
BOYS.



I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU AND NOW
THAT YOU'RE FINALLY
HERE, LET ME
OFFER THIS
TOAST--

TO LIFE!

WHAT IS
THIS?
WHO
ARE YOU?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE REALLY.
I AM A DEMON. THESE COINS
ARE PIECES OF CHILDREN'S
SOULS.

THEY GIVE ME PARTS
OF THEMSELVES TO
PLAY IN MY CARNIVAL.
I HAVE SUBSISTED
FOR CENTURIES BY
CONSUMING THESE
COINS.

AS SOON AS I TASTED
YOUR SOUL, I KNEW THAT
THERE WAS SOMETHING
SPECIAL ABOUT IT. BOTH
OF THEM. SO SWEET--
SO ALIVE.

SO THAT'S IT?
YOU WANT TO
BE ALIVE?

OH, YES.

ALL RIGHT. IF I
GIVE YOU WHAT
YOU WANT, WILL
YOU SET MY
FRIEND FREE?

DEX! DON'T
TRUST HIM!

SHUT
UP!

YOU
HAVE MY
WORD.

SACRIFICE
YOURSELF, AND
HE WILL BE
FREE.

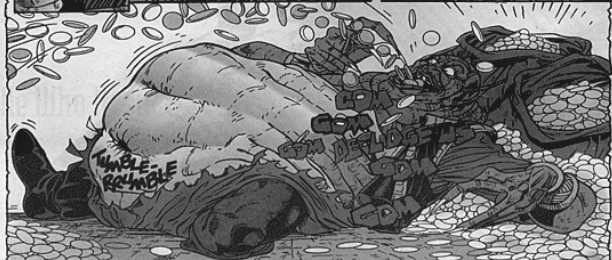
THEN JUST
TAKE THEM...



DEX, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



THAT'S IT,
FATED!
KEEP
EATING!



CAN YOU SEE IT, GIMMICK?
THE REAL WORLD. CAN
YOU SMELL IT. FEEL ITS
HEAT?



SHEE---
BOOGEFUL.

REMEMBER
IT, SIGGIE---



CAUSE THAT'S AS
CLOSE AS YOU'RE
GOIN' TO GET!



GOW!!



LIH ON!





GOT IT!



HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

RIGHT AWAY I FELT THE FEW COINS I HAD GIVEN HIM. I WAS STILL CONNECTED TO THEM.



HE HADN'T DIGESTED THEM YET! IT WAS STILL MY ECTOPLASM! I KNEW I COULD PULL THEM BACK.

BUT SIGMOID IS HE--?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT STICKING TO FIND OUT!



FIRST BOSS, YOU OKAY?



LOSH, THAT HURTS.

TEQUILA, FIX ME A DRINK AND MAKE IT A DOUBLE.



THERE IS A BURNING IN MY BELLY! A BURNING FOR--

REVENGE!



READ THE SHOCKING CONCLUSION TO SIR SIGMOID'S ARCADIA IN SAINT SINNER #5!!!!

NEXT ISSUE:

DEX MEETS HIS FATHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE EXPLOSIVE...

HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED!

What is the ectosphere?

At that question, I could hear Larry start to smile at the other end of the phone. This was one of the questions I need answered to stay up to creative speed, sometimes asked to make sure the creator's answer is in sync with my understanding, sometimes asked to get us all working out the answer. It was the one question that Larry was just dying to get at.

The Ectosphere started out as a world of all the dead—all the dead that ever were. But Larry had new ideas on that. The Ectosphere he was playing with was just the first stop in the journey into the hereafter, but not the final resting place of all mortal souls.

It is a realm most satisfied souls pass through relatively quickly. Only those souls with a longing for the life that was remain in this world, desperately creating of their own energy a world that is similar to our own. But, because its denizens are from all different time periods, that world is an amalgam of different ages and different architecture, all infused with a sense of desperation drawn from the onceliving humans who make up its permanent population.

So what is it?

So the Ectosphere is a very wild, very different place made like Earth by the Earth-bound minds that come to live there. But, then, what creatures are native to the Ectosphere? Well, that's a question to be answered in the future, in these pages. So stick around.

It's not everything that can make Larry smile.

Dear Marc and Spencer,

ECTOKID is by far my favorite comic of the Razorline. And it has only just begun! What a great thing to know. Monthly, ECTOKID will be coming around to the of comic shop.

I've read all of the Razorline titles, but have to just plain say, they don't hold me. HOKUM AND HEX maybe more than the other two, but, well, it's got a long way to go before it reaches the level ECTOKID has managed. What, we're only up to issue number two? Both issues have been great.

But I'm really worried. James Robinson has been going beyond the ordinary comic book type material and making this better than just a neat idea that Clive Barker came up with. After all, an idea is only as fully realized as the writer who executes it. And I think James takes Clive's great concept and pushes it farther. It's this where the others have so far failed. They don't do anything with these great ideas. They just let them fall onto the reader's eyes, large and clunky. I think I'm being clear but just in case, James has been doing a better than good job, he's been doing an exceptional job.

However, he's no longer going to be on the book. Well, why not? A bloody mistake is what many of Marvel is making! However, I don't know the reasons why ECTOKID has lost such a fine scribe as Mr. Robinson. I only know that the book will miss his loss. At least I will.

Now as to this new guy, Larry Wachowski, I'm a little apprehensive. Is he going to come in and turn poor little Dex into something of a different character? Is

Dex going to be sportin' a new attitude? I hope not, because the lost and confused "where am I?" that he seems to have throughout the first two issues is perfect. I genuinely like Dex and already care for him as a character. If he gets shafted at this stage in the game, I'm going to take it as an attack on a friend. Hear that, Larry?

I'll be watching.

Wayne A. Sallington
(Address withheld by request)

While we were also sorry to see James go too, Wayne, without his loss we might never have gained the brilliant ideas of Mr. Wachowski, on this book he was born to write! Now that you've had a chance to meet a Dex written by Larry, what do you think? Drop us a line and let us know!

Dear ECTOKID,

I'm twelve and I like ECTOKID. My mom got me issue number one and I'm still reading it. It's not like other comics. It is better. I like the way he [ECTOKID] fights. He's a small person who is able to fight big. I want him to beat all the monsters he meets. My mom almost didn't let me buy it, but Sam [that is the owner of the comic store] said it wasn't horror. There are ghosts, though, I'm confused.

Mike Togh
78 Ponderosa Pine Court
Orlando, FL 32825

Our thanks to the observant store owner for noticing that this book isn't horror—it's pure adventure in a world that's never been explored! That world happens to be populated by the onceliving—but that doesn't make this book any more horror than LITTLE NEMO'S SLUMBERLAND, but this scenario does give us a whole lot more action to play with! This book is in a genre we call the fantastique, which is a blending of fantasy, adventure, and real, raw action! We're not aiming to scare you, Mike, only entertain—and part of that might be to keep you anxiously on the edge of your seat! Let your Mom know she made the right decision!

Special Notes:

Much as we wish it were, the above story is not an uncommon one! The news has been slow to get out, but the name Clive Barker is not exclusive to horror anymore—and when it's got a RAZORLINE banner next to it, you can count on the fact that it's great entertainment for every age! But it looks like we'll need your help to make sure everyone knows! As a special thanks to the first fifty readers who make it a point to see the RAZORLINE titles are not riddled with horror, we'll send either a specially autographed picture of Clive himself, or a special sold-out signed copy of HYPERKID #1! Your choice!

All you need to do is send us a note from your local retailer saying "I got the RAZORLINE right!" and a photo of the proud rocking of the RAZORLINE titles together! To get the ball rolling, Mike Tough above is the first proud winner!

We'll be watching!

Ectokid

Dear ECTOKID,

There are so many questions I have about the Ectosphere. When you die, do you only go there? Are there other spheres of death for different religions? If not, does the mix cause anyone to go through some kind of transitional shock? With Dex being able to enter the Ectosphere, and return to our world, can he actually die? Won't death start to look like less and less of a bad thing to Dex? Might he begin seeing killing as setting people free? Will he ever meet Spider-Man?

Well?

Steve Prender
5465 Landing Place
New Brunswick, NJ 08901

All in good time, Steve. As these words are being typed, Larry is working feverishly at revealing the answers to these and other questions concerning the details of the Ectosphere. The above editorial barely scratches the surface! The easiest question you asked, and the one I can answer right now: If you cut Dex, he will bleed. Death is as much a reality for him as it is for us. Right now, he's a visitor to the Ectosphere, but the wrong move could make him a permanent denizen! The details of the Ectosphere are the stuff that future issues are made of.

As for meeting Spider-Man—that was a joke, right? Yeah, it was a joke. Well... don't laugh too hard, Steve! How about the rest of you out there? Think that's a good or a laughable idea? Let us know!

NEXT:

Dex leaps back for Ectospheric adventure that reunites him with his father and a demonic troll on both their failed action and adventure await, at the end of "Highway 61!"

CUTTING EDGE ALERT!

In two weeks, in SAINT SINNER #5:

Catch the shattering conclusion to "Sir Sigmold's Arcadia" as Sigmold, once burned and twice shy, has some more severe action in store for Dex and Phil—while we check in with Saint Sinner's body, kept alive by the Angel and Demon within—but for how long?

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZORLINE EDGE:

Next week in HOKUM & HEX #5:

'Tis the season to cross-over as Trip Journeys to L.A. at the behest of the malevolent Paragon John, to bring him into conflict with the Hyperkind!

In HYPERKID #6:

And the action spills over into HYPERKIND, as Paragon John unleashes the most powerful foes of the original Punks! Stand back for "Enter the Vexus!"